Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1735.

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THE BYSTANDER, MARCH 17, 1937.

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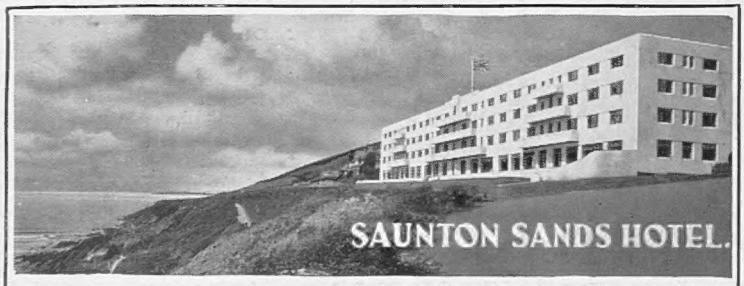

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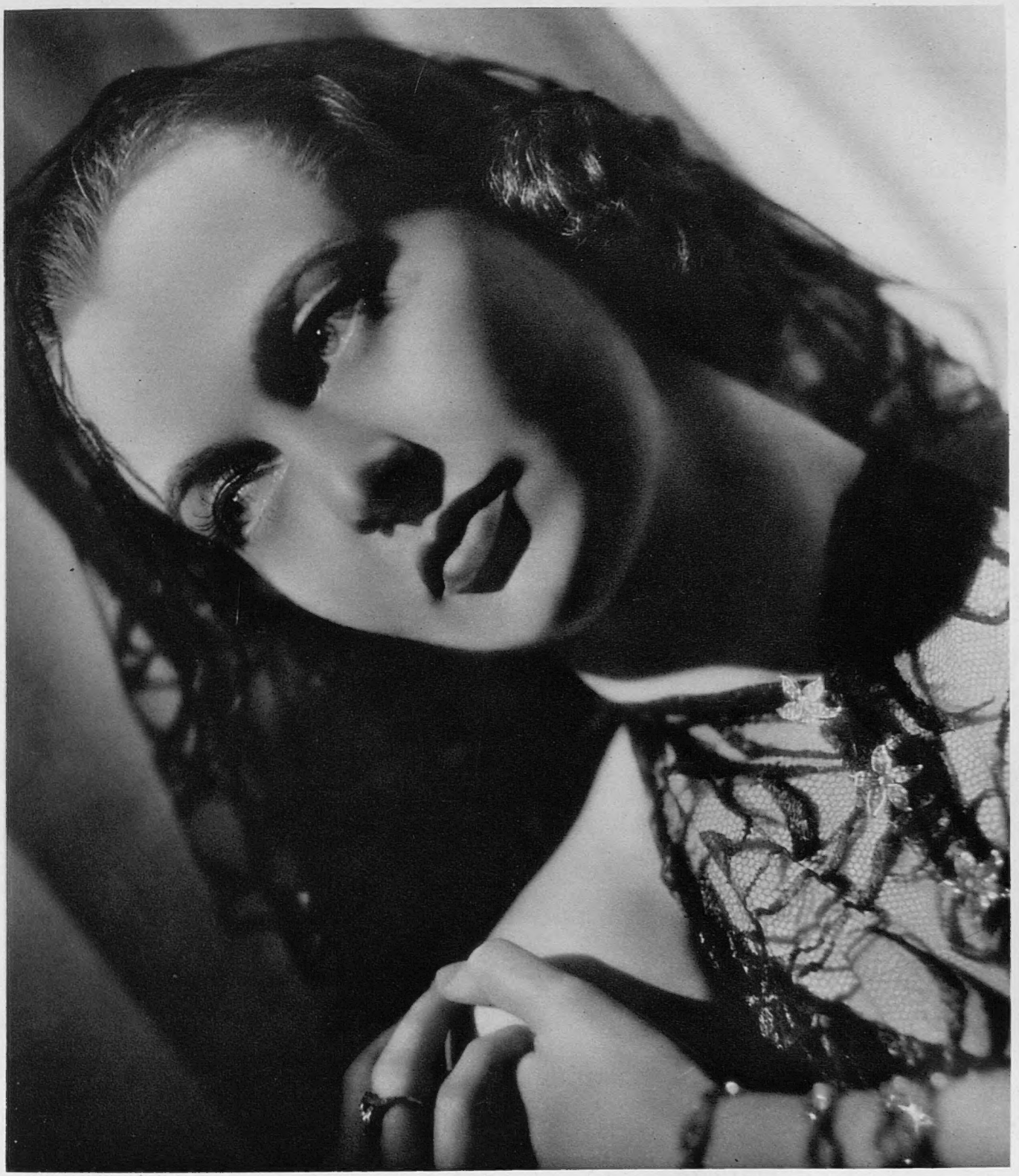
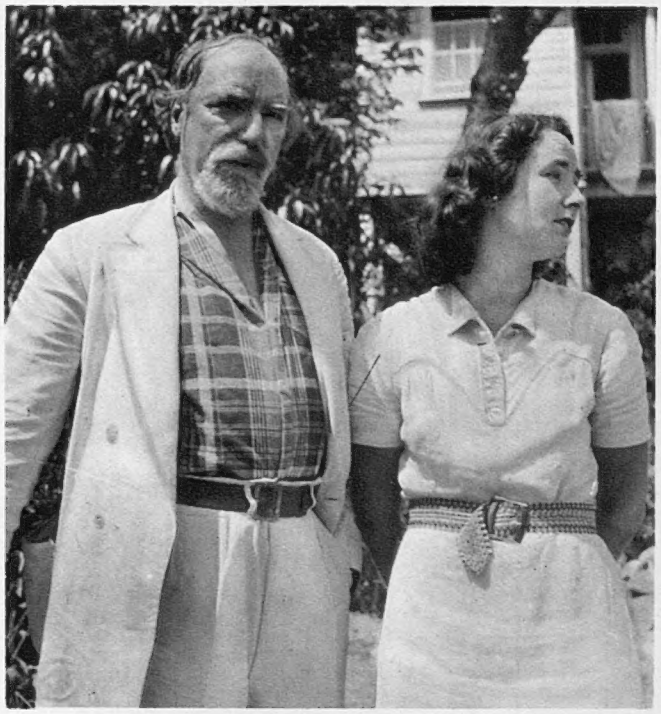


A. L. Schafer

Beautiful Luli Deste

She is beautiful, yes, but even her beauty cannot make a Bavarian accent appropriate to an English duke's daughter. For that is the part Luli Deste plays in *Thunder in the City*, the new big film at the London Pavilion. Edward G. Robinson, the star, makes his début in English pictures as an American salesman whose go-getter methods are satirically contrasted with English "dignity"; satire gives way to sentiment when he falls in love with the daughter of the so-dignified Duke (Nigel Bruce). Marion Gering, who directed the film, chose Luli Deste for her part; now she has gone to Hollywood to make films for Columbia; they gave her a contract as a result of her *Thunder in the City* performance



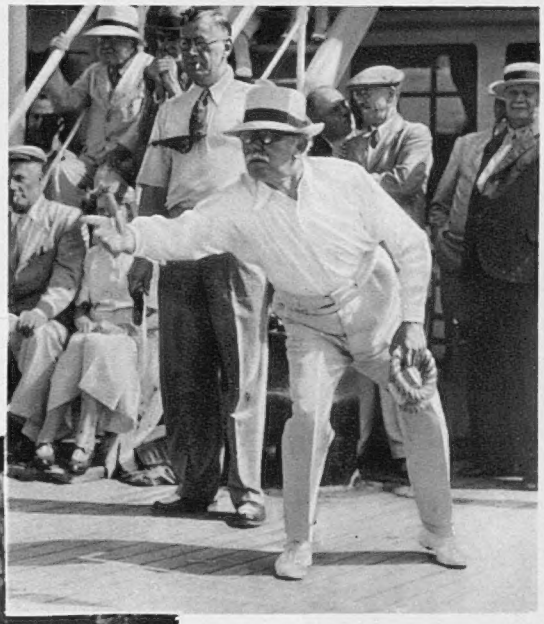
Augustus John in Jamaica

This photograph of him with his artist daughter Vivian was taken when he had only been there a few days, but not before he had bought a native shirt. He and Miss John are both painting local types and landscapes on their "holiday"

Celebrities Abroad

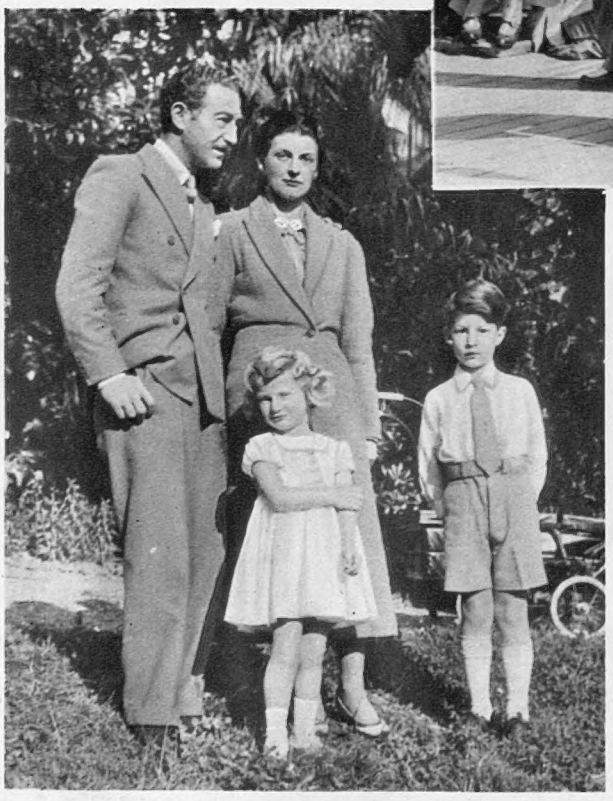
Egyptian Princesses in Switzerland

The Queen-mother of Egypt and her four daughters are accompanying King Farouk in his European visit, which starts with winter sports, then brings them to London for the Coronation (unofficially), via the Paris Exhibition. This photograph of Princess Fawzia and Princess Faeza, with a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, was taken as they left Suvretta House for a walk in St. Moritz



J. H. Thomas at Sea

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas landed at Southampton last week after a cruise to the West Indies on the Duchess of Richmond; his autobiography, which appeared just before his return under the title of "My Story," is reviewed on page 444 this week



Michael Arlen at Cannes

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen and their children, Michael and Venetia, were photographed in the garden of Bella Vista, his Riviera villa; he has just finished a book of short stories, is starting on a new play, and the film of his book, "The Cavalier of the Streets," was trade-shown here last week

King Farouk in Switzerland

The young Egyptian monarch's first winter sports holiday is likely to be his last for some time, as he reaches his majority (eighteen years) in February of 1938, and will probably be unable to leave his country during our snow season

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

It now seems to be generally agreed that Mr. Baldwin will resign at Whitsuntide and that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will go with him. The Premiership, of course, will fall to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and it is freely stated that he has some very definite ideas about Cabinet changes. Sir Samuel Hoare is at present first favourite for the reversion of the Chancellorship. There are some strong interests working on behalf of Mr. Runciman, but the Right Wing of the Tories will certainly object very strongly to his claims owing to his suspicious Free Trade past. There is also the fact that the Chancellorship is regarded as the stepping-stone to the Premiership, and already long-sighted politicians are talking about Mr. Chamberlain's successor. On this angle the Chancellor would have to be a Tory, and this would rule out both Mr. Runciman and Sir John Simon. It is possible also that there may be new Secretaries of State for War and Air, and if Sir Samuel goes to the Treasury, a new First Lord as well.

The uproar in the House of Commons over the Special Areas Bill was a good deal more than a deliberate piece of obstruction by the Labour Members. It was a protest against the increasing use by the Government of dodges to stifle debate on the floor of the House. In this particular case the Government advisers had drafted the Money Resolution of the Bill so cunningly that no amendment was possible either on the Resolution or on the Bill itself, so that all debate would be purely academic. There was strong opposition to this craftiness not only from the Labour and Liberal benches but among a large section of the advanced Conservatives. Finally, after seven hours of being hammered from all sides, the Government gave in to the extent of appointing a committee to enquire into the procedure of the House.

The Long Honeymoon

Prince Bernhard, with hearts decorating his ski gaiters, and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, were photographed at Mittersill Castle in Austria, the super-luxury Club where every possible sport is available. They travelled thither from Poland several weeks ago

Portrait of the Two Princesses

Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams finished her portrait of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose last week, when the children went to her studio in St. John's Wood for a third and final sitting. They have been painted in white organdie dresses, Princess Elizabeth wearing a blue sash and her sister a pink sash, and both holding primroses. Miss Lindsay Williams is giving an at-home this week at which the portrait, which the Queen has approved, will be shown

Mr. Winston Churchill made an important and salutary point in the House of Commons during the debate on the Navy Estimates. He said, and repeated, and emphasised it, that the British Navy to-day is immensely strong. It is all nonsense, and dangerous nonsense, to go about bewailing its weakness. It is the only navy in European waters which can put a Line of Battle to sea at all. We have fifteen capital ships, all completely modernised, more than all the rest of Europe put together. It is true that we have only three post-Jutland capital ships—Nelson, Rodney and Hood—but then, nobody else in Europe has any post-Jutland ships at all.

But the Admiralty is taking no risks. In spite of this great superiority, the new Estimates provide for no fewer than five more capital ships, four aircraft-carriers, and seventeen cruisers. By the end of this year we shall actually have 148 ships of war on the stocks in the shipbuilding yards of the country. The design, according to Sir Samuel Hoare, is to make the Navy strong enough to protect *all* our trade routes in both hemispheres. This is a pretty tall order even with twenty capital ships and seventy cruisers. One or two good allies, or even a system of collective security through the League, might be a help.

Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, in the same debate described some of the comforts enjoyed by the hardy salts on a modern battleship. Apparently they have libraries, cinemas, soda-fountains, ice-cream machines, refrigerators, hot-cupboards,

(Concluded on page 421)

Cheltenham's One Day

After That, Snow and Floods Made the Stewards Abandon the Programme

The postponed National Hunt Meeting found no better luck in its second week than its original one for after one day's racing on Tuesday, the rest of the programme had to be abandoned. No National Hunt 'Chase, no Gold Cup, the chance of winning £10,000 stake money gone, train-loads of disappointed punters turned back at Paddington: this is what British weather did to British racing last week. Above is a picture of the first fence in the Champion Hurdle Cup, with Mr. Ben Warner's Free Fare, the winner, furthermost from the camera in the second trio, and Our Hope, who came second, at the rear; below is the field in the next race, the N.H. Handicap 'Chase, won by Sir Edward Hanmer's gelding, Teme Willow

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 419)

and other luxuries. Sir W. S. Gilbert was a long way ahead of his time when he created Captain Reece of the good ship Mantelpiece. Students of the Bab Ballads will remember how well his sailors fared—

Did they with thirst in summer burn ?
Lo, Seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

There were also books which " came across the sea from Mr. Mudie's libraree."

MR. HORE-BELISHA has not been very well treated by the publicity which followed his speech on parking. What he actually said fell into two sentences. The first was, in effect: " I shall have to prohibit parking," and the second, which ran on immediately after the first, was, in effect, " if and when the local authorities are found to have taken no steps to provide alternative accommodation." The first sentence was seized upon and the second was ignored. What the Minister of Transport obviously intended to do was to give the local authorities a jolt.

EASILY the most startling politico-literary phenomenon of the last year or so had been the sensational success of the Left Book Club. Founded by Mr. Victor Gollancz, the publisher, and organised by him, the Club has already no fewer than 40,000 members. It has branches and study centres in almost every fair-sized town in the country, and its rally in the Albert Hall not so long ago was an enormous success. Now it is announced that a rival club called the Right Book Club has been founded by Foyles, the famous second-hand bookseller in the Charing Cross Road. There are said to be already 5000 foundation subscribers, and I have no doubt that the Right Book Club will have no difficulty whatever in enrolling many thousands. But I fancy that their difficulties will begin when they try to find suitable books. The number of writers of to-day who have a passionate belief in Conservatism as a thing to write about is pretty small. However, we shall see.

THE West Country occupies Demolition Corner this week on the Vandal Front. There is a wonderful old grey stone building with pillars and arcades in the village of Moretonhampstead in Devonshire. It was originally an almshouse and is one of the most beautiful buildings in the county. It is now proposed to tear it down in order to do nothing else except widen the road, and the authorities have shown a wonderful sense of fitness in selecting 1937 for the proposed destruction. For the almshouse was built in 1637, and what better way could there be in these days of celebrating the tercentenary of a thing of beauty than by tearing it down ? There is only one chance, so far as I can see, of saving it, and that is to appeal to the pockets of a powerful vested interest. The Great Western Railway owns the hotel in Moretonhampstead. Surely it would be to the railway company's financial interest to preserve this ancient monument and thus to encourage tourists to use their hotel ?

Portrait of Jessie Matthews

Jessie Matthews has been sitting for a portrait by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., in his Glebe Place studio, and presumably we shall see it in this year's Academy. Mr. Dugdale was made an A.R.A. last year. He admits to a homely streak in his make-up when he says that after painting and motoring, " using an efficient lawn-mower " is his favourite recreation

HORNCHURCH, Essex, qualifies for second place, for it is also widening a road, at the expense of its only Elizabethan house. Dick Turpin's mother may not have actually lived in it, and Dick Turpin, the Epping murderer who never held up a stage-coach in his life nor ever rode Black Bess, may not have hidden in it. But all the same, it was a beautiful house and Hornchurch duly gets its black mark.

LAST week I wrote of the Beltane fires of Midsummer Eve. A host of kind friends who take a delight in the mistakes of others have pointed out that it ought to have been Mayday and not Midsummer. It is a very lucky thing for me that there is no interested party concerned, the Druids who might have brought an action against me for infringement of copyright being presumably extinct, because I detest apologising in print and, unlike Shaw's hero, I cannot always refuse to do so.

Errol Flynn Goes Hunting

The star who made his name in " Captain Blood " and enhanced it in " Charge of the Light Brigade," was out with the County Down Staghounds at Ardaragh last week, and is seen with the Master, Comdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick. Errol Flynn is Irish-born, the son of Professor and Mrs. T. T. Flynn, of Belfast

ONCE again I am in cordial agreement with my colleague, Mr. George Campbell, painful though it is in any circumstances for a Macdonell to find himself in agreement with a Campbell. Sonnie Hale, in his first shot at directing a picture, has turned out one of the lightest and gayest of films that I have seen for a long time. *Head Over Heels* is full of gaiety and catchy tunes and first-class acting. Miss Jessie Matthews is quite enchanting, and Mr. Louis Borell, Mr. Romney Brent, and Mr. Robert Flemyng play up to her capitally. The airy fun never flags for a moment.

ANOTHER very singular example of Nature following Art—in the good old Oscar model—is gradually coming to light in our modern weather. We live, as we all know and as most of us continually boast, in an age of record-breaking. Everything is either quicker or slower, or bigger or smaller, than it has ever been before. But keen students of meteorology will have noticed that the climate has been for some years speeding itself up in the same direction. Our summers have been hotter, or colder, our floods more disastrous, our storms more destructive. February was the wettest for ninety years, and now March is the coldest for fifty.

Incidentally, the news that ninety sheep have been buried in a snowdrift near Blyth, in Northumberland, sent me back to *Lorna Doone*, which I had not looked at for years, and the scene where Jan Ridd digs out the sheep. There are some exciting moments in *Lorna Doone*, but what an acreage of boredom there is in between them. And if ever an ass stumped his way through a world-famous book as the hero, surely it is the egregious Ridd himself.

Shakespeare Lunch

The Duchess of Gloucester opened the "Shakespeare of Shoreditch" exhibition at 16, Bruton Street, last week; it is in aid of a block of flats for Shoreditch workers to be called Burbage House, and the opening was preceded by a lunch at which these pictures were taken of (above) Lady Lytton and H. E. M. André Corbin and (below) Lady Mary Dunn and Mr. Winston Churchill

Below: *Return from Kenya*

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

JUST as if Arctic cold, incessant rain, snow and sleet were not enough to freeze our better feelings, we have received a long and eloquent epistle from Florida.

At the risk of arousing your bitter discontent we must quote a few lines at random.

Our correspondent tells us that the Sanford's party was informal, and possessed that indefinable something that makes a party go. Perhaps it was the charm of the daughter-in-law of the house, Mrs. Laddie Sanford, who acted as hostess for Mr. Sanford, Senior.

A dance floor was laid out in the patio under the stars, the Hawaiian band and the moon both lending a hand by working overtime.

A Sprinkling of Duchesses

OF a different order was the dance given by Mrs. Harrison Williams. Her's was formality in a studied setting—a magnificent ballroom with Chinese wallpaper, crystal and silver on the supper tables, huge groups of exotic smelling tuberoses and lilies.

Our correspondent felt he was at an ultra-smart London dance during the season, and had misgivings about his black tie. However, despite a generous sprinkling of duchesses, there was not a tiara to be seen.

Miss Sanford's wedding reception he describes as the perfect entertainment of its kind.

Instead of the usual warm champagne and pink cakes in the middle of a hot afternoon, people were invited for one-thirty, and sat down to an excellent luncheon in a walled-in garden. There were the same beautiful women in exquisite clothes, but looking rather as if they had popped them on quickly over a bathing dress and then loaded themselves with priceless jewels to give their tan a more formal appearance.

Mornings are spent in the sea, bathing from either a private beach or the tennis club, luncheons at Bradley's, tea on the terrace of the Everglades, more than anything reminiscent of the palace of a Spanish grandee.

It has no connection with real life—that Paradise of waving palms and C. B. Cochran settings. Real life is something quite different.

One will wake up soon, he says—perhaps to-morrow—and find oneself back in the cold and fog of London, but while the illusion lasts let him enjoy his dream.

A Big Blue-Eyed Appearance

MONDAY is not usually a particularly riotous night to dine out on, but Marianne Davis (accent on the tail-end of her Christian name) is one of Mayfair's favourite toasts, and the San Marco was packed out to welcome her new cabaret turn.

She has a bogusly tough manner that, while deceiving no one, endears her to all, and an amazingly deep voice utterly contradicted by naturally fair hair and a genuinely big blue-eyed appearance.

One of her songs in particular, "It 's Tough as Hell to be a Working Girl," went down with a bang. It was a birthday present written specially for her by Ian Grant, the clever young man who compères the nervous amateurs on Thursday nights. Incidentally, Marianne sings that "Under Your Skin" song better than we ever heard it sung before.

Budapesth for Easter

EXCLUSIVE alcove tables were occupied by, on one side, Major Keith Trevor, Mr. Derek Fitzgerald and Mr. Algy Howard, and on the other by pretty Mrs. Jock Hanbury, Captain Cunningham-Reid and Commander "Bill" Paine.

Miss Zena Dare and Miss Dorothy Dickson arrived after their "carelessly rapturous" evening, escorted (Hollywood

Left: Lord and Lady Erroll are on one of their periodical visits to London from his ranch by Lake Naivasha, Kenya Colony; he is hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, gave up a promising diplomatic career for farming in 1922, and could be known as the Rancher Earl if this name had not already been given by journalists to Lord Egmont

Right: Baron Jean de Watteville-Berkheim married Mlle. Jacqueline de Neuflize at the American Church in Paris last week; the civil ceremony was performed at Neuilly the day before. The bride is a niece of Lady Bessborough, who was Roberte de Neuflize before her marriage to Lord Bessborough in 1912

Below: *Paris Wedding*

word, not ours) by the Marquess of Milford Haven.

Mrs. Ralph Hanké, in a chic red and black confection, was just about the most attractive girl in the room. She has not been well for several weeks, and is going to Budapesth with her husband for Easter, in the hopes of combining a cure with a holiday.

Afterwards we thought we would give the Florida the once-over, and really wondered why we did not do so more often. Although full, there was lots of floor space, and the band guarantees that the word " tired " is one we don't recognise.

A Casino Party

AFTER yawning through a great many dress shows, we were more than intrigued with a thin lamé blouse worn by Virginia Cherrill the other evening. It had gold and rose and black stripes, and we forget just how few dollars she said she paid for it in Hollywood.

It was at the Casino that we saw her, looking as lovely as ever, in a party that included the Nelson Doubledays, and Lord Jersey.

Lord and Lady Allerton were there, too, and we liked her dark-green dress with sequin sleeves.

Miss Peggy Johnston we also saw that night, very slim and smart in a sheath of white satin, and Lord Donegall, who, just back from a secret mission to Scandinavia, is off to Scheidegg at Easter, for a few days sunny ski-ing.

The show is a marvellous one.

That mirror arrangement that reflects those lightly clad nymphs exercising on a shiny floor must be seen to be believed.

Two Big Tables

IT took two large round tables cheek by jowl at the Savoy to accommodate one party last Wednesday night.

Col. Brace and Miss Susan Tilney

Colonel Henry Fergusson Brace, only son of the late Frank Brace and Mrs. Brace, of Coton Hall, Sudbury, Derbyshire, married Miss Susan Tilney at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the late Col. R. H. Tilney and Mrs. Tilney's only daughter

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Lord and Lady Erne and Lord and Lady Edward Hay were in the party, the Duchess wearing a particularly becoming bright red dress.

Rebla, whom we remember years and years ago in Vaudeville Theatre revues, did his lovely conjuring and smashing-up turn and was the outstanding success of the evening.

Seven Skins

WRIST-LENGTH coats composed entirely of fox are an expensive fad of the moment. We were amused to hear a husband trying to persuade his wife that her legs were too short to wear one, at the Ritz the other day.

Poor man! They take seven foxes in all, and silver, natural blue, red, are the only types any woman will deign to look at.

The Countess of Warwick, Lady Veronica Hornby, Mrs. Richard Hart-Davies, and Mrs. Richardson all possess the swellest jackets of silver fox, Merle Oberon wears an ultra-becoming one made of particularly deep red fox (she has a silver one, too) and Mrs. Leonard Govett is yet another who wears her seven red skins with chic effect.

Singularly Putting Off

WHILE on the subject of fashions, we must not forget the lady we saw prancing round a restaurant the other night with a natty ribbon arrangement attached to the end of a short train and hooked round her little finger.

Not content with this " ever so dainty " contraption, she pinned a large chiffon handkerchief on to the right side of her tall escort's chest, so that she could rub her presumably powdered face against his manly bosom while dancing!

Such thought-out carefulness would be singularly putting-off to the average male, and we can't help feeling that such " Planny Annies " would be better at home.

MISS PEEPS

The Faulkner Christening

Major and Mrs. Douglas Faulkner's baby daughter was christened Hermione Patricia at the Guards' Depot Chapel, Caterham; Major Faulkner (left) is in the Irish Guards; his wife is Lord and Lady Herbert Scott's second daughter and the Duchess of Gloucester's cousin

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. William Edwards' second son was christened Jeremy John at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Through his mother, he is Lord Falkland's grandson

Below: George P. G. de Worms and Heather Ray were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Worms; she is the only daughter of the late Captain A. D. H. Ray and Mrs. Read Barnett

Mr. de Worms and Miss Heather Ray

Round the Restaurants

The " Bystander " monthly Going-Out Guide—" Dinner, Dance and Cabaret "—will be found on pages C to G before the Frontispiece.

Curzon First-Night

The Hon. Rosemary Dawson and her mother, Lady Dawson of Penn, went together to see the premiere of "The Sequel to 2nd Bureau" at the Curzon

A quartet in the Curzon's voluptuous "club-seats" for the French spy-film premiere were Lady Bridport, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Homan and Lord Bridport

Right: the Hon. Claudia Betterton and Mr. Derek Alhusen went out dancing together last week at the Café de Paris, although his right arm was still in its sling. They announced their engagement two months ago

Night Life

A Film, a Debate, Two Restaurants

Supper at the Ritz

Miss Elizabeth Blades and Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas were in a supper party at the Ritz last extension night. Miss Blades is a cousin of Lord Ebbisham

Debate for Charity

The Hon. Nancy and the Hon. Virginia Brett and their mother, Lady Esher, went to Londonderry House for the debate in aid of the British Red Cross Society. Lord Esher presided, and T. S. Eliot, Humbert Wolfe, C. Day Lewis, Canon H. R. L. Sheppard, Margaret Irwin, and Margaret Kennedy debated whether or no the world is a good place to live in

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 11

George Cukor

LIKE Korda and several other directors, George Cukor is a Hungarian. He was, however, born in New York, unlike ninety-seven per cent. of other New-Yorkers. His father was in the District Attorney's office and his uncle was solicitor to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. There was no sign then or in High School that he was going to become Hollywood's most fashionable director at the early age of thirty-seven, with *Dinner at Eight, The Royal Family of Broadway, David Copperfield, Romeo and Juliet,* and *Camille* to his credit. All the same, his first job was in show business, as office boy at ten dollars a week to Carle Carlton, then a struggling New York stage producer. After a few months we find him as assistant stage manager in the Chicago Company of *The Better 'Ole,* where he understudied a French railway porter. This, be it noted, was the nearest he ever got to being an actor himself.

THERE were still no signs of future success until he met Frances Howard, now Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. She and David Selznick are responsible for his career. Frances Howard because she introduced him to Gilbert Miller, and David Selznick because, years later, he persuaded him to sue Paramount when still employed by them. In the meantime George Cukor ran his own stock company in Rochester. Then the talkies came, and like so many other producers, he went to Hollywood, only to be kept sitting around at seven hundred and fifty dollars a week and doing nothing. Fortunately he met David Selznick, who arranged for him to be lent to Universal for the dialogue of *All Quiet on the Western Front.* A number of co-directing jobs followed until the crisis of his life. This was *One Hour With You,* starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald. The picture was such a success that Lubitch, who had only supervised it, took Cukor's credit line away. So the latter, spurred on by Selznick, hired the biggest lawyer in Hollywood and sued the company—which is rather like bringing an action against Mussolini in Rome. He won. R.K.O. bought his contract. He introduced Hepburn to the screen in *A Bill of Divorcement,* directed Constance Bennett in *Our Betters,* and then went over to M.-G.-M. with David Selznick, where he has made one success after another.

His ambitions to-day are to direct James Cagney and Katharine Hepburn in the same picture ; to make *High Wind in Jamaica* ; to direct Garbo in a comedy part ; and, of course, to see that *Gone with the Wind* goes like the wind.

CUKOR earns eighty thousand pounds a year ; talks very fast, but seldom finishes a sentence ; likes new places but hates travelling ; admires Freddie Bartholomew immensely but wonders how long he will be popular ; is a hero worshipper of Hugh Walpole ; a bosom friend of Tommy Douglas ; and very proud of his garden in Hollywood. But as he is a teetotaller, never smokes and lives on baked apples, celery, lettuce, and pineapple juice, I frankly don't envy him ; do you ?

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward in some sophisticated musical love-making

Sketches by Rouson

"George and Margaret" (Wyndham's)

THIS entertaining piece of levity opens with a family breakfast, which is the classic comedy meal. For it is notorious that we are at our worst at breakfast, visiting the hang-over of our dreams or our resentment against getting up at all on unoffending victims with a hostility that bears no sound relation to facts. So, when Mr. Garth-Bander, born to suffer, comes down to find the maid in tears and completely ignores them, we understand his feelings more than we understand hers. It is really much too early in the day for sympathy! So, when Mrs. Garth-Bander, Miss Garth-Bander, and the two Garth-Bander boys enter one by one, to discover that it is sausages again, to complain that the hot water wasn't hot, to snap, to bicker, to give, we recognise with pleasure, if not for the first time in a theatre, the comic atrocity of it all.

And when Mrs. Garth-Bander announces that George and Margaret (those intolerable bores) have been invited to tea, and all the children promptly shout that they will be out, and Mrs. Garth-Bander grows more bitter over her toast, and Mr. Garth-Bander more silent over his newspaper, we feel that here is a play which might well have been entitled *Call It a Family*.

BREAKFAST passes—in fact, if not in spirit. What makes these Garth-Banders diverting is that life with them seems to be one long breakfast, or one long game of snap. Of plot there is little or none—which will encourage the innumerable playwrights who, while they can manage the dialogue, are beaten every time by the story. But they will have to write dialogue as consistently amusing as Mr. Savory's before they can reasonably hope for success. They will also do well to recognise that even the dialogue at Wyndham's Theatre would not carry the piece if it did not emerge from the mouths of amusing characters.

Exit the ex-maid (with trousseau), enter the maid: Ann Casson and Irene Handl

Let them observe that the weak streak in the piece is the love-affair between Miss Garth-Bander and the young visitor who rather oddly comes to the house to practise the piano for a fortnight. It is weak because the author has taken it for granted that an audience must be interested in any two people in love and has left their personalities a blank. Boy meets girl is not enough. The point is what boy? What girl? We know nothing about these two. But we know everything about Mrs. Garth-Bander, who is always managing and always complaining, and everything about Mr. Garth-Bander, who is never managing and never complaining, and everything about Claude Garth-Bander, who puts his faith in system and morning exercises, and then falls in love with the parlour-maid.

THESE three characters are beautifully played by Joyce Barbour, who never lets any part down, and who will be one of the actresses the younger generation can't hold a candle to in twenty years; by Noel Howlett, so meek, so enduring, so absent-minded, yet so observant; and by John Boxer, who might have walked straight out of a Polytechnic night school. Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward fill in the vague outlines of love's young dream; Nigel Patrick makes himself amiably flippant as the younger son; Ann Casson plays the parlour-maid with the burr of a budding Saint Joan.

Finally, there is Irene Handl, whose belated appearance must be seen to be believed. I nearly laughed myself into a stitch. Richard Bird may claim this piece of casting as an act of real producer's inspiration.

Pretty and pretty empty-headed wife and wise old owl of a husband: Joyce Barbour and Noel Blakelock

Cedric Hardwicke in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"

The American verdict on "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" is a mere "mildly entertaining": a cool comment by contrast with the enthusiastic London reviews which greeted Barré Lyndon's thriller last summer. (It still runs at the Haymarket.) But Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the part Ralph Richardson takes here is admitted to play "with that fine distinction which, apparently, he never fails to bring to a rôle" ("Herald-Tribune"). The "amazing Doctor" gives Hardwicke his second New York rôle; his first was in an adapted Bernstein play which only ran for a short time. Incidentally, "Tovarich," in which Hardwicke made his last long London appearance, is running on Broadway, with John Halliday as the Prince-valet

Englishmen in America

Two New York Stage Successes

Rivalling, but also fortunately following, John Gielgud's success in "Hamlet," is Maurice Evans' success in "King Richard II." Not only are the critics delighted with the acting and production, but the audiences are filling the theatre. Mr. Robert Benchley says that "Maurice Evans gives it such high distinction that it might very well come in a winner—and paying 100 to 1, too, which is the more remarkable." He also judges Maurice Evans' performance as Richard his best in New York so far, topping his Romeo, his Dauphin of France, and his Napoleon. The setting and dresses are by a young English designer, David Ffolkes, whose first New York production it is, and the staging is by Margaret Webster

Maurice Evans in "King Richard II"

Riviera Season

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd

Was photographed outside the Country Club at Mougins (Cannes). She married one of Lord Rennell's younger sons in 1932, was the Hon. Nancy Mitford before that and has a full share of the energy of the family—is now at work on a new novel

Right: three-year-old Diana Curzon had been on an expedition with her mother to the gallery of shops in the Carlton Hotel at Cannes. She is the youngest of Lord and Lady Scarsdale's four daughters

Below: this family group was taken at Cannes: Mrs. Leslie Gamage is Lord Hirst's elder daughter and was on holiday before her campaign for the giant Albert Hall Ball on April 22nd. Miss Pamela Hirst is his granddaughter, daughter of the late Hon. Harold Hirst

Viscountess Scarsdale and Her Daughter

Lord Hirst, the Hon. Mrs. Gamage and Pamela Hirst

Below: attractive Mrs. Gerald Emanuel and her mother-in-law, Mrs. I. S. Emanuel, have been in the brilliant, unbroken sunshine of Cannes

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Day

Met the photographer in the Casino Gardens at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Day is one of the much-travelled daughters of Mr. Duncan Macleod, laird of Skeabost

Mrs. Alan Macleod

Is Mrs. Julian Day's sister-in-law; she was Joan de Knoop before she married one of Mr. Duncan Macleod's sons; was staying in Monte Carlo

Mrs. Gerald and Mrs. I. S. Emanuel

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BEYOND extending temporary hospitality to Overseas guests, the principal clubs don't seem to be doing much in the way of Coronation celebrations as such. Lunching at the Athenæum the other day, however, we heard that a small but active group of members is very keen on "dressing-up" on Coronation night. "This," said our informant, "would infuse a carefree spirit into the Club atmosphere which would be consonant with the festive occasion, while at the same time care would be taken not to offend against the canons of propriety laid down in the regulations." Opposition to this plan comes chiefly from another group who hold (a) that members look quite funny enough as they are, and (b) that many aged Pierrots and venerable Mephistopheleses might be moved by the carnival atmosphere, as the evening wore on, to chase women guests up and down the staircase, doubtless for the purpose of discussing some abstruse passage in the Nichomachean Ethics or some point in the structure of the Atom ("Yes," roared the bishop, pointing angrily, "but why on your knee, Faughhampton?"), but inevitably inviting criticism, and possibly censure. For this reason the Committee may decide on nothing more than a maypole, as at the National Liberal.

At the Reform we heard of proposals to flood the great square-columned hall and turn it into either a swimming-bath, an ice-hockey rink, or a reconstruction of the Grand Canal at Venice. "To see the gondolas gliding hither and thither under the fairy lights," said an enthusiastic committeeman, "while members gaze deep into the languorous eyes of Beauty and a thousand bosoms swell to the luscious influences of music, Night, and Love, would indeed be an exquisite spectacle." This need not necessarily clash with the Bath Club's aquatic scheme, which includes mermaids, or the R.A.C.'s, for which fifty speed-boat owners have already agreed to decorate their craft.

The Marlborough's plans are equally decorative, and in their way more daring. They propose, for the first time in history, to entertain women at the Club. The Committee, after inquiries lasting over some months, found that few ill-effects had been noted by other clubs which have taken this step. Finally, consulting a well-known hunting man who assured them that mixed packs are possible ("the dogs correct the wolatile natur o' the betches," as Mr. Jorrocks explained to Pomponius Ego), they took the plunge.

Blue Pencil

WARDOUR STREET is intensely interested in the news that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl Marshal will "censor" all Coronation news-reels at a private view on the afternoon of Coronation Day. In a rich variety of English locutions and parts of speech the boys are asking what the censors expect to find to censor in news-films of this ceremony, barring an occasional muffled oath from a trampled peer or possibly a scrimmage at the fork-luncheon buffet.

A little over a hundred years ago at George IV.'s coronation there 'd have been plenty of work for film censors, one might imagine. From half a dozen contemporary diaries and memoirs one gets the impression that poor raddled, nitwitted Caroline of Brunswick's attempt to force her way into the Abbey, amid the hoots and cheers of the mob, was one of the most painful scenes in our Island Story, which is pretty rich in those same. No other queen in history has ever been ejected from a coronation and publicly humiliated, though, Heaven knows, Caroline asked for it. Another incident on the same day might also have been cut from the news-reels—that of George IV. sweating freely and half dead with fatigue, holding up the proceedings while he went out for a drink. (Compare, as the dons say, Elizabeth's raucous complaint, heard all over the Abbey, that the Oil of Coronation "stank.")

It 's equally possible, on the other hand, that had there been news-reels then there 'd have been no cutting at all. They weren't very fussy in Rowlandson's England.

Down in the Forest

"A REMARKABLE-LOOKING man with a peculiar character . . . inordinately

Telephone Talks No. 1

"I've got the appendix out—*but I forget what happens next"*

vain" was Sir Patrick Hastings' brief but adequate précis in the King's Bench the other day of the personality of the late Willy ("Wigs By") Clarkson. But Sir Patrick was rightly reminded a moment later, when he suggested that the mincing old gentleman's own head of hair and beard were the best advertisement for his wig business, that these adornments were real.

But, wait. . . . Were they, though? Doubt seizes us, not for the first time. Having encountered Willy Clarkson at a hundred West End first-nights and satisfied ourselves in the end, by tactful inspection when opportunity served, that his wealth of reddish hair and his beard of the same tint could not possibly be from stock, we invariably found dubiety creeping back an hour or so later. Perhaps, on the whole, these doubts were unjust. It was one of those beards which though real look false, as opposed to the Shavian beard for example, which looks real but is a property one, attached by elastic, and the Joad beard, which is real only in so far as the observer's concept of "beard" in the abstract is derived from this particular specimen. That is to say, in the plain language of Nominalism, a beard in the abstract is a universal and has no existence, and we infer the abstract from a particular object (the Joad beard) cognised beforehand. See Abelard, Hobbes, Locke, etc., on this fascinating point. Where were we? Oh, yes—There is also a Val Gielgud beard which has not yet been classified by the botanists, and several in the National Liberal Club which one would rather not talk about at all.

One more thing: the attraction about Kark Marx's celebrated mass of facial hair (if you're still interested) was that when pulled a certain way showers of bird-seed shot out of it in all directions. This was a social subterfuge. Being very shy, Marx never knew how to start a conversation with a woman. The bird-seed trick broke the ice and led up almost immediately to absorbing discussions on social democratic topics, and there you were.

Twopence Coloured

THERE was money in the simpler melodrama, as the £200,000 just left by one of the brothers Melville of the Lyceum shows; but it certainly couldn't be made nowadays. American films have done a great deal in a short time to sophisticate British audiences, relatively speaking, though, to be sure, there are three or four shows, musical and other, running in the West End at this moment which are ideal entertainment for children and Rugger men and well up to the national nursery standard. But there's no public left nowadays, save possibly in the remote wilds, for dramas like *The Worst Woman in London* or even *The Whip*, the only big spectacular Melville production we ever saw. This drama had a real train-wreck in it. The audience also enjoyed the thrill of seeing (and smelling) real foxhounds and horses on the stage at Drury Lane. Arnold Bennett thought this kind of thing was pretty easy, and put a sinking yacht, among other excitements, into *London Life*, also at Drury Lane. The piece flopped.

If you ever want to gauge the extent of the gulf between the London theatre in the heyday of Melvillism and the London theatre to-day, look up the plays of the brilliant, the cynical, the witty, the advanced, the daring Wilde. Act IV. of *Lady Windermere's Fan* (St. James's Theatre, 1892) opens with this soliloquy:

LADY WINDERMERE (*lying on sofa*): How can I tell him? I can't tell him! It would kill me. . . . Oh, if he knows, how can I look him in the face again? He would never forgive me. (*Touches bell.*) How securely one thinks one lives—out of reach of temptation, sin, folly. And then suddenly—Oh! Life is terrible! It rules us, we do not rule it.

Enter ROSALIE, *R.*

ROSALIE: Did your ladyship ring?

How on earth, one asks oneself, did any actress ever put over that sort of thing? Did she address the furniture or the circumambiant air? Did she stare owlishly or roll her eyes at the front rows of stalls, as if she were addressing a public meeting? Or did she just lie comfortably at full length and direct her remarks at the electricians in the flies? However she did it, she couldn't do it nowadays, when to talk out loud to oneself in an empty room is considered a matter for Harley Street, and so many nice but jumpy people have the jitters regularly at home that to see them on the stage as well would drive half the audience nuts.

"I understand, Sir, that polygamy is no longer encouraged there"

Time, Gents

WILL HAYS, Tsar of the American film industry, has just issued an edict which has given Hollywood a pretty jolt. Acting on complaints from "temperance" bodies—meaning bodies who shun temperance and won't drink at all—that there are too many whoopee and "excessive drinking" scenes in American films, the Hays office will henceforth reject all scripts which contain such scenes.

That's just too terribly Nordic, don't you think? It's either one extreme with the boys or another; never that reasonable balance and proportion in such matters one finds (if you'll excuse our saying so) among the Latins. There's a drinking scene in Jacques Feyder's delicious masterpiece, *La Kermesse Héroïque* which is amusing but not vulgar. There are drunk scenes in a lot of Hollywood and British films which are vulgar and not amusing. There are also drunk scenes in a few first-class Hollywood films which are a delight—notably the performance of Robert Benchley in *China Seas*, if you remember it. Benchley wrote the part into the script himself, and Benchley is a wit. And if you also remember *The Thin Man* was one long swallow. William Powell practically never had a highball-glass out of his hand, except when discovering the body. None of this high-speed bacchanalianism was either

offensive or tiresome, because Powell is a civilised actor of considerable charm, and his director was light-handed. It 's the heavy-handed director who spoils these things. It 'll be a great pity if Mr. Hays blue-pencils every bit of film drinking without discrimination.

One good argument for discriminating is the old Helot one. The spectacle of a drunk gentleman making rather an ass of himself, in a well-bred way, should have a tonic moral effect. There 's a short story of Dorothy Parker's called *You Were Perfectly Fine*, dealing with a next-morning hang-over, which in its cheery, ruthless way conveys as much warning to the young as the grimmest teetotal tract. The same applies to Mr. Stiggins's lapse in *Pickwick*, to Mr. Sigsbee H. Waddington's condition in one of P. G. Wodehouse's stories, and to about fifty-seven other grand drunk scenes in the world's literature throughout the ages. What matters is the way it 's done.

Save the Child Dept.

THE case of little Miss Ruth Sienczynski, aged twelve, has been interesting child-lovers and welfare-workers recently. Miss Sienczynski is an American child who plays the pianoforte extremely well. She gave a recital at Queen's Hall with Sir Thomas Beecham's orchestra the other night, but under the provisions of the Children's and Young Persons' Act of 1933 she was not allowed to play anything actually with the orchestra, solo pieces only being permitted. According to one report Queen's Hall was packed with L.C.C. inspectors and Factory Act inspectors ready to pounce at the first sign of law-breaking. There was no trouble, however.

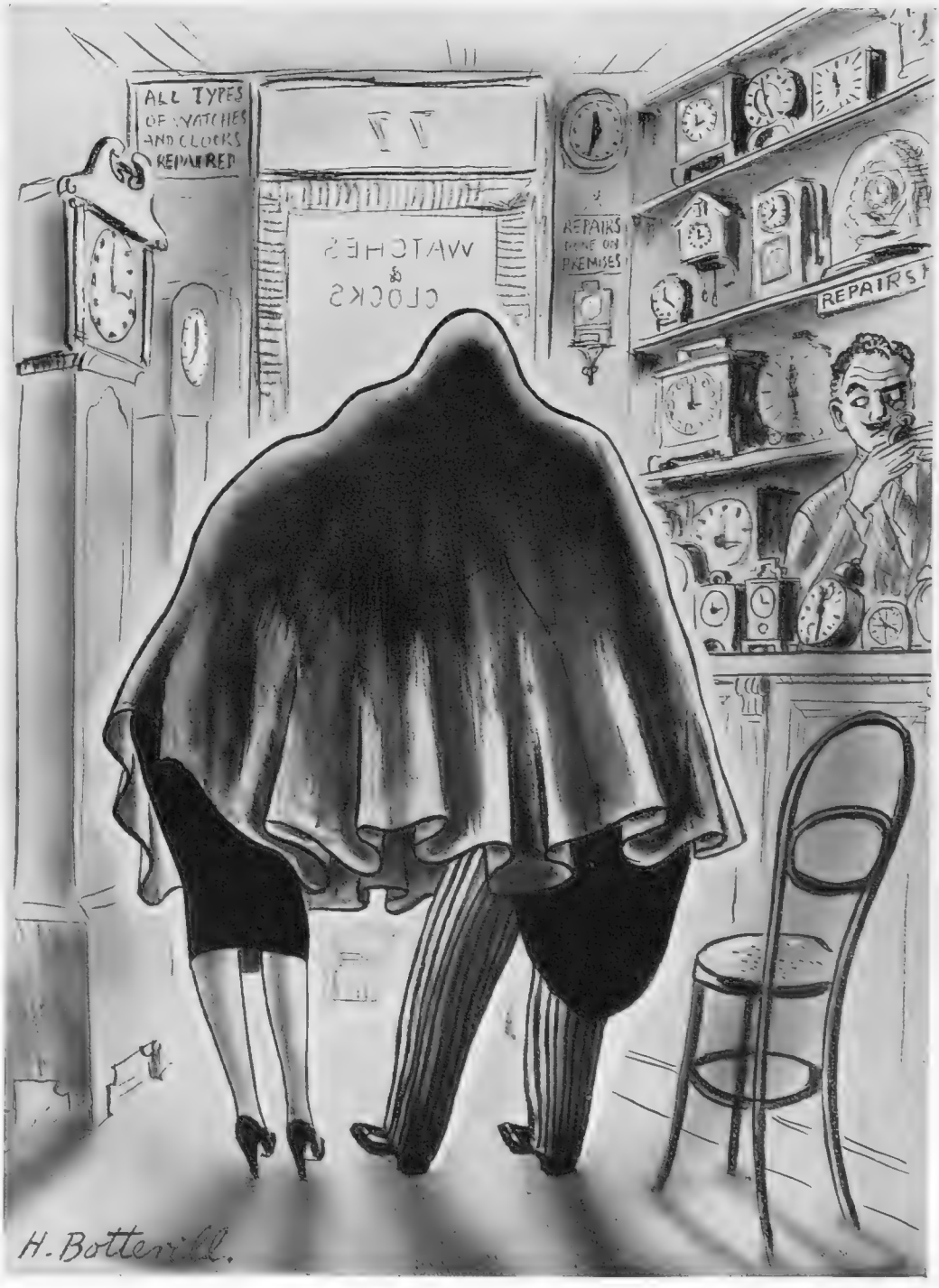
Trying to clear this puzzling matter up, we asked an L.C.C. authority about it. He said it came under the Factory Acts. He said child workers in the music industry are liable to exploitation by unscrupulous impresarios. He said the eight hours' day is frequently set at naught, and that even big, efficient adult workers like Mark Hambourg or Cortot or " Bill " Murdoch or Rubinstein sometimes swoon at the machine through overwork and under-nourishment. He said legislation is on the way to providing that midway through every pianoforte recital a whistle or syren will be blown. The operative will at once stop whatever he (or she) is doing and take a fifteen-minute " break." This may take the form of lying down on or under the machine for a rest or joining the conductor and approved members of the orchestra in organised games or folk-dancing. At the end of fifteen minutes the whistle will blow again and the recital resumed from the point where it left off.

He added that in future every concert grand pianoforte must have attached to it a wash-hand basin, soap, and towel. " Hygiene is consistently neglected by employers in the music world," he said. " We are also looking into the question of meals. Many operatives feel the need of a sandwich or a cup of tea while actually at work. The Government is determined to sweep away abuses in this industry and protect those engaged in it, women and children especially."

Snack

A RECENT Government recommendation to German working-men to adopt eggs and bacon for breakfast instead of the usual roll and coffee has been complacently interpreted in many Has-Made-Us-What-We-Are armchairs in Pall Mall as a tribute to the Traditional British Breakfast, of which, strictly speaking, eggs and bacon are actually but one insignificant item, as any average country-house sideboard can prove with its normal array of ham, bacon, eggs, tongue, sausages, kedjeree, kidneys, brawn, porridge, cold game-pie, devilled partridge, herrings, haddock, cold grouse, and what have you, not counting rolls, toast, rusks, jam, marmalade, fruit, tea, coffee, and all the appurtenances (as Dr. Caliban's biographer said) of a decent breakfast-table. Thus fortified the hardy Race can face the morning air serene.

You may have noticed a growing tendency in the Race of late to shudder lightly at the sideboard and breakfast off an apple or a finger of dry toast. An even lighter breakfast, rapidly becoming popular, and one we sometimes ourselves prefer to any other, is a small glass of iced orange-juice and a couple of aspirins; a perfectly balanced meal. It may be this is the Traditional British Breakfast of the future ? **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**



" You see, Madam — it has *a luminous dial "*

Films of the Day

Creaking Vehicles for Stars : By George Campbell

WHY is it, I wonder, that great actors prefer bad plays, and great stars are seldom, if ever, seen in anything but mediocre films? Leave the traditional pieces out of it, for the simple reason that they *are* traditional, and the ambitious player simply has to have a shot at them. I am thinking of modern works, where choice is free, and significant. And in this field you have Irving spreading himself in sad stuff like *The Bells* and *The Corsican Brothers*; Bernhardt wallowing in the tears and treacle of *The Lady of the Camellias*.

IT is the same with the screen. Cast your mind back over the best pictures of the last year or so—*The Informer, Mayerling, Fury, Kermesse Héroïque, Remous*. In such as these you will find plenty of fine actors, but nobody who is front-page news. The really big stars prefer what the trade calls a vehicle. If the vehicle is old and creaks at every joint, what odds, provided the box-offices keep busy? When did you see Marie Dressler in an artistic picture; or Wallace Beery, or George Arliss, or Clark Gable, or Mae West, or even Garbo—with the possible exception of *Queen Christina*?

Camille is a case in point. Garbo, George Cukor tells me, is not temperamental on the set, objects to strangers watching her act because they genuinely make her shy, retains the same camerman year after year for the same reason, and does not interfere with the development of a story. It is reasonable, nevertheless, to suppose that when a story is being chosen in the first place the queen of the movies has a say. *Camille* was presumably her choice, just as *The Rise of Helga* was, and *Anna Karénina*, and the rest of a pretty poor lot.

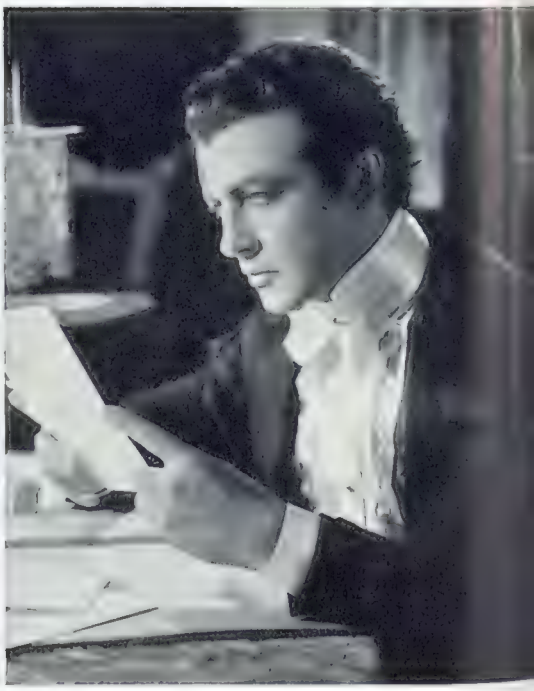
WELL, I suppose one answer—in fact, the only answer—is that she gets away with it. The very thought of another version of a thoroughly hammy story like *The Lady of the Camellias*, already done seven or eight times on the screen, is enough to make one shudder; but when the time comes, what happens? Precisely what M.G.M. expected. Garbo—how does she look? Are the years telling on her yet? How is she dressing? How is she doing her hair? Do the eyelashes still curl up like ostrich feathers? Curiosity, and the drag of the greatest personality of the stage or screen in our time, are irresistible. We wise-crack, but we join the queue.

ON the whole, *Camille* is considerably better than it might be. At first sight Hollywood's only original outdoor girl is a rather odd choice for a Parisian cocotte dying of tuberculosis, but she actually succeeds in looking faintly sickly. It may be that the reports of her recent illness have not been exaggerated after all; the fine-drawn lines of her face in *Camille* certainly indicate that she is still none too robust. Skilful acting deepens the impression of frailty and suffering. Without harrowing you with such obvious devices as prolonged bouts of coughing she succeeds in suggesting growing lassitude and weakness, and finally the shadow of death.

What is equally to the point, she reveals a lightness of touch in the early scenes of which few even amongst her warmest fans would have supposed her capable, and a still more surprising mastery, in the scenes of her brief idyll with Armand in the country, of all the joyous vivacity and tremulous fears of a young girl experiencing first love. Altogether a notable performance, almost worthy to rank with her sharply contrasted Christina.

THE acting generally, as it always is in a Cuckor picture, is first-class. I have never cared much for Robert Taylor; he has always seemed rather harsh, in voice and personality; a shade too reliant, too, on a profile that works havoc in Peebles and Mandrake Falls, but leaves this department comparatively cold. As Armand he is surprisingly good—I don't say ideal, but still rather more than adequate. The same applies, with more reservations as to accent, in the case of Lionel Barrymore's elder Duval.

THE hit of the film, however, is Henry Daniell's Baron de Varville, as perfect a study in the smoothly sinister as the screen has ever given us. There is menace in his dead skin—what the French call "mat"—and his cold light eyes, and subtly mocking smile. The scene where he plays the piano to Marguerite, with both forcing hysterical laughter, while Armand is ringing unheeded at the door, is quite brilliantly written, directed and played, and so is the interview at which he lends the girl the money she needs to pay her debts, and then slaps her face. Taking it all in all, a polished essay in the artistically corrupt, worthy of Charles Laughton or the late Frank Vosper. This department lifts its hat to Mr. Daniell.



The Men in "Camille": Henry Daniell, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Taylor

Henry Daniell is magnificent as the unpleasant young aristocrat who keeps Camille and has definite ideas about his mistress's duties to him, abandoning her when she fails in them

Lionel Barrymore plays the father of Camille's ami sérieux and is surprised to find that she really loves his son: an unsympathetic part which Barrymore makes the best of

And Robert Taylor is Armand, the serious young man who wins the heart of the queen of the boulevards. "Camille," directed by George Cukor, went to the Empire a fortnight ago

Portrait of Greta Garbo

She serenely holds her position as dominatrice of the film firmament while other stars rise and fall. No Hollywood scandal touches her. No publicity stunts need be thought up for her. Film fans in jungle or city know of her desire "to be alone" or her threats "to go home"—now catch-phrases in our language—of her simple life outside the studio, her solitary walks in shapeless clothes; they are romantic contrasts to the vital, often gorgeously dressed star of the screen in *Queen Christina*, *The Painted Veil*, or *Anna Karenina*. Before those came *Grand Hotel*, *Anna Christie*, or *Mata Hari*, and before those came a line of silents that stretches back, viâ her first American rôle in *The Torrent*, to the advertising film made by Frk. Greta Gustafson in her native Stockholm before the War. Future plans for Garbo include the part of Mme. Walewska, opposite Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and talk of a comedy directed by Cukor, who re-created her in *Camille*, her newest film which went to the Empire a fortnight ago

Anthony

"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue"

Vera Zorina takes the syncopation of underworld melodrama, danced to the harsh melancholy piece of music called "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" as effectively as she burlesques her own medium, the classical ballet. She has an excellent sense of drama and power of mime, and gives a gracefulness of her own to the angularities and cross-rhythms of jazz. This number and the mock-ballet, *Princesse Zenobia,* are the high-lights of her contribution to *On Your Toes,* at the Palace. In *Princesse Zenobia* she is brilliant as only a ballet-lover can appreciate. Her fine technique gives her a subtlety of burlesque, through the accentuation of mannerisms of the head, wrists and feet, that first bewilders and then entrances her audience when they see the joke. Balanchine, who used to dance and compose for Diaghileff and now works entirely in America, is responsible for the choregraphy in *On Your Toes.* Zorina may go back to de Basil when his company comes to England for their summer season, and for next autumn she has a contract with Sam Goldwyn to make films in Hollywood

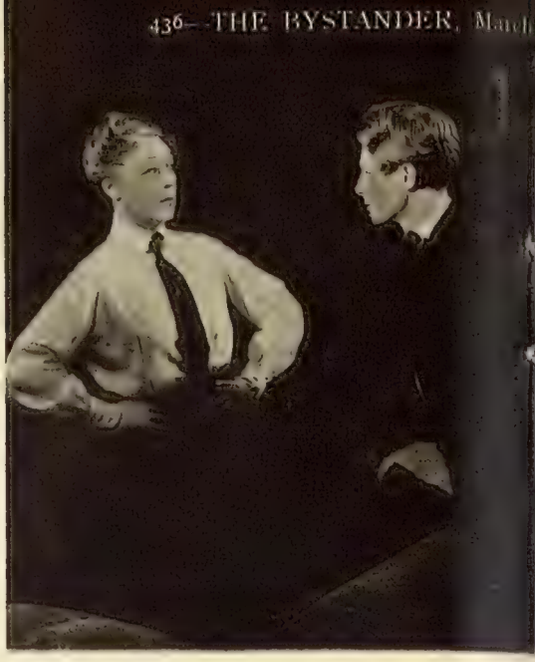
Norman Parkinson

John Skeaping—Paris Exhibition Sculptor

John Skeaping is the sculptor chosen by Oliver Hill to design and execute the two large decorative panels on the north and east elevations of the British Pavilion for Paris. Oliver Hill is the architect responsible for the Pavilion as a whole, and has assembled an interesting body of sculptors and artists to decorate his work. John Skeaping's contribution is an important and conspicuous one; the panels will be visible from a wide stretch of the right bank of the Seine as one looks across to the British Pavilion. They symbolise various of the industries represented in the Pavilion. Skeaping executed the three relief panels in wood of antelopes in the first-class starboard gallery of the Queen Mary; wood is a favourite medium, and in his show some time ago a huge wood horse was his most discussed work. He has spent some time in America, studying contemporary American art

Mr. Burgess (Edward Chapman): "Spoilin' your korates as usu'l, James. When I pay a man, an' 'is livin' depens on me, I keep him in 'is place"

Candida (Ann Harding) with Eugene: "Look at his collar! Look at his tie! Look at his hair! One would think somebody had been throttling him"



Prossie (Athene Seyler) with Eugene: "I haven't any love affairs. How dare you say such a thing? The idea!"

"Candida"

The Shaw Revival at the Globe

There ar
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Prossie,
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direction
cast refle
Candida,
of Steph
Candida
Owen Na
curtain-r

Ann Harding as Candida

Below: Candida to Morell (Nicholas Hannen) and Eugene (Stephen Haggard): "And pray, my lords and masters, what have you to offer for my choice? I am up for auction, it seems"

Candida : " We 're all coming, James "
Morell (Nicholas Hannen) : " No : you are not coming ; and Eugene is not coming. You will stay here and entertain him—to celebrate your return home. I insist "

Prossie : " I 'm only a beer teetotaller, not a champagne teetotaller. I don't like beer. Hic ! "

Eugene : " She offered me all I chose to ask for : her shawl, her wings, the wreath of stars on her head, the lilies in her hand, the crescent moon beneath her feet "

only six parts in this play and each one is cast and excellently acted. Athene Seyler rself richly into the part of Victorian virgin ecretary to the Rev. James Morell, in whose arsonage the action takes place : he himself too sympathetically portrayed by Nicholas Geoffrey Edwards puts the most into the of Mill, the curate, and neighbouring philistine played in full Yorkshire vein (at Bernard Shaw's by Edward Chapman. But the highlights of the " from Ann Harding's London stage debut as dignified and warm interpretation, and the Eugene n Haggard, that specialist in overstrung youth. was produced by Irene Hentschel, decorated by es' son Geoffrey, and is preluded by a tasty iser—Thornton Wilder's *Love and How to Cure It*

Photographs by John Everard

Eugene to Candida : " In a hundred years we shall be the same age. But I have a better secret than that in my heart "

Howard Coster, London

Powers of the Pulpit: the Rev. W. H. Elliott

Sometimes referred to in the less scrupulous Press as "Britain's High Priest of Radio," or "the Wireless Canon," Wallace Harold Elliott is a living refutation to the charge that the Church is out of date. Journalism, broadcasting, the technique of mass meetings, all have been mastered by him and turned, with his mail-order parish which covers the Empire, to the service of good. His weekly articles in the *Sunday Pictorial* have been running for nearly two years; he has been on the air since early last decade; and in December he celebrated the fifth anniversary of his regular Thursday evening services (broadcast from St. Michael's, Chester Square), when two Albert Hall-fuls of his "fans" met him face to face. Elliott was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford (Colquitt Exhibitioner), and Ripon Clergy College; held various curacies and, for some time, the secretaryship of the Northern Province of the C.E.M.S., until he went as Vicar to the fashionable Holy Trinity, Folkestone. He was Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's, 1929-30, is a Chaplain to the King, and has been at St. Michael's since 1930

No. 7059 Chair No. 7311 Chair No. 7136 Table No. 7074 Chair No. 7375 Chair No. 7061 Settee No. 7136 Table No. 7000 Chair No. 7011 Chair No. 146 Hat, Coat & Umbrella Stand

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Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Mabel Jocelyn is Engaged

Lady Mabel Jocelyn and Mr. Richard Neville Brooke announced their engagement a few weeks ago. She is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden, and is twenty-two this year. Her father's place is Tollymore Park, Newcastle, Co. Down. She is the third of a family of four ; her elder brother, Viscount Jocelyn, is a lieutenant in the Navy, her elder sister is Lady Elizabeth Annesley, and she has another brother of thirteen. Richard Brooke is the only son of Sir Richard and Lady Brooke, of Norton Priory, Cheshire, and Abberley, Worcestershire. His father is the ninth Baronet ; his mother is Irish and, like his fiancée, comes from Co. Down. He will be twenty-two in May

"Bystander" Short Story No. 80

A Saucer of Milk

By Anthony Heckstall Smith

Decorations by Phyllis Bray

Her shop-window was the house where she gave intimate little parties

MRS. AGATHA CARTWRIGHT—"Agy" to her friends—lunched every day at either the Ritz, Embassy Club, the Berkeley, Claridge's, or Prunier's, because she had to.

If she did not lunch with her friends, which was seldom, she rather reluctantly paid for herself. On such occasions she ate sparingly, and told anyone who passed her table that it was her day for banting. But, in company or alone, Agatha Cartwright never failed to appear at one or another of these restaurants, between the hours of one-forty-five and three. It was her business to do so, for in these places she met her friends and enemies, and received orders from them to decorate their houses, mews and flats.

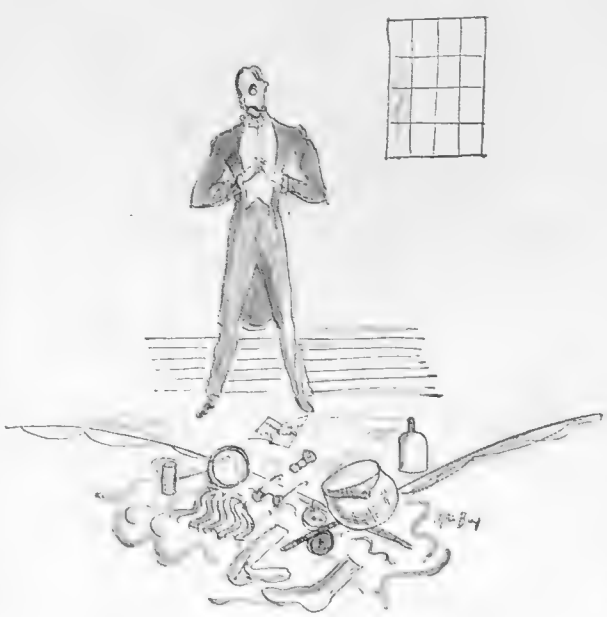
She had a shop in a Mayfair side-street, and at the back of the shop was a cubbyhole (originally built for quite a different purpose) that served as her office. Sometimes, for months on end, Agatha never even went inside this office, containing only a slightly battered escritoire—a discovered fake once sold as genuine Louis XV.—a telephone, and a chromium-plated chair of a design too grotesque to be stomached even by her greatest sycophants. In reality, her office was any one of the aforesaid eating-places, just as her shop-window was the house where she gave intimate little dinner and bridge parties, carefully mixing together the right and the wrong people, so long as the latter had money. It was said, rather maliciously, that after one of her more successful parties, Agatha sold the dining-room table complete with its appointments and the entire contents of her bridge-room to an American heiress who paid cash before leaving the house.

There were countless stories of this nature told about Agatha Cartwright, some more spiteful than others, but all of them spiteful because, being a success, she had many enemies who were charming to her and a few friends who told her the truth.

Algy Cartwright had long since given up the struggle of trying to live with his wife. He had borne with her patiently for twenty years. Then, as is told in one of the countless stories, he came home one night from his club to find that his bedroom furniture had been sold, and the sight of his most secret possessions heaped upon the carpetless floor so distressed him that he left next morning for the South of France, where he took to painting in water colours, and strange, unmentionable vices. Agatha never troubled to divorce him. She had grown so accustomed to parting with her personal belongings at a moment's notice, that, some said, she never missed him at all. She even sold some of his exceedingly inferior and highly colourful paintings to her clients, generously sending him the money, less twenty per cent. commission on the sale.

This buying and selling of furniture, however lucrative, was only a sideline to Agatha's more serious business of interior decoration. By the destruction of other people's houses she made quite a substantial income. By convincing her clients that a fireplace constructed entirely of broken bottles was infinitely more charming than the one designed by Adam, or replacing their fine oak panelling with railway company's discarded posters, she managed to live comfortably in her little house off Knightsbridge, patronise an expensive dressmaker and go for a month's holiday every year staying in the houses she had decorated.

Originality was the keynote of her success. But she had, too, an inventive brain and an eye for free publicity. She kept open house to all gossip writers. There was no atrocity she would not commit in the name of art. Year after year, with studied cunning, she launched some new frightfulness upon the world of interior decorating. It was she who had been responsible for introducing varnished newspapers as curtains. The craze spread like the Fire of London. But the simile is too near to reality. For when Lady Entwhistle's house was burnt to the ground entirely because of these newspaper curtains, Agatha's business was in jeopardy.



Distressed by the sight of his most secret possessions heaped upon the carpetless floor

Lady Entwhistle had gone to law with her insurance company, and had lost her case and her claim for several thousands, solely on account of those curtains. Agatha only saved her face and her fortune by springing multi-coloured asbestos furniture and metal wall-paper upon an astonished world the following autumn.

BUT that all happened many years ago. Now, at forty-nine, Agatha Cartwright was established. Her clients were drawn from an exclusive circle and, under her tuition, they found it impossible to live with the same furniture, colour-schemes, and house fittings for more than a year at a stretch. They paid, and paid handsomely, for their eccentricity, seeing nothing strange in the fact that for three months in every year Agatha's workmen took possession of their homes. Nor did they complain when the result of the redecorating in no way resembled the original plan, and the bill exceeded the estimate by one hundred per cent.

"Dear Agy," they said, "is so artistic. What can one expect!"

"Exactly, darling," their friends replied. "No one knows what to expect from Agy, the lamb. That's why she's so thrilling."

It was all very profitable and simple for Agy. So profitable and so simple that the sharp corkscrew nose of Lady Honoria Pidworth, raised on high, scented both these qualities and, as it did so, the first cloud appeared upon the horizon of Agatha's contentment.

Honoria, who had been one of Agatha's closest enemies, submitting her house off Park Street to suffer the latter's craziest originalities, started her own interior decorating business and opened a shop not a stone's throw from Agatha's. Honoria, too, took to lunching daily at the same restaurants as her rival, to giving

(Continued on page 442)

A Saucer of Milk *(Continued from page 441)*

intimate little dinner and bridge parties, to selling her furniture (furniture, moreover, that she had bought from Agatha in the first place), and to hurling new frightfulness, even more alarming than Agatha's at her friends.

Moving as they did in the same circle, the competition between the two women became terrific.

Sometimes they met at the same luncheon table, when one or another of their friends considered it diverting to bring two such hated enemies together for the entertainment of the rest of the guests. On such occasions Agatha and Honoria always kissed at meeting, and their conversation was freely punctuated with extravagant endearments that caused their fellow guests to make odd noises with their soup and to do the "elephant trick" with their hock. The situation was delightfully embarrassing for everyone.

But the strain of this competition was beginning to tell upon Agatha. Her slightly prominent blue eyes, questing the room in search of custom, took on a haunted expression. While the sight of Honoria talking to a rich acquaintance immediately affected her digestion, with the result that she became the victim of distressingly noisy hiccups. More than once these had caused her to depart from a luncheon-party with the knowledge that she was leaving behind many hundreds of pounds'-worth of business.

Working in underground ways, Agatha had done all in her power to frustrate Honoria's success. She had bribed away her best workmen, planted spies in her workrooms, and once, when she had heard that Honoria was about to launch silver paper as a medium for mural decoration, nearly ruined herself in a frenzied attempt to corner the market in that commodity.

Honoria, for her part, was not above stooping to particularly low forms of reprisal. She it was who told the gossip writers at a cocktail-party that the lampshades Agatha was making for Lord ("Stuffy") Paunchington were to be made of a material suited to that nobleman's distinctly lower-school wit. Agatha had brought a highly successful action against the only gossip-writing peer who had considered himself sufficiently well-born to publish this sultry piece of news, thus neatly turning the tables on her rival.

But this guerilla warfare could not continue indefinitely. The mutual friends and enemies of both parties waited hopefully for the day when one or the other would step into the open and declare her hatred.

The climax fell far short of expectations. It came about in this wise.

Agatha was lunching at the Ritz. It was one of her banting days. Chewing her green salad, she was thinking out a new atrocity when the waiter told her that she was wanted on the 'phone. Struggling to swallow the salad, she hastened to the box.

The secretary of the World's Most Glamorous Film Star warnted to

She told the gossip-writers at a cocktail-party about the lampshades

know if Mrs. Cartwright could come right overr to the Sav-oy Hotel to tark overr the doing overr of an apartment furr hur Mistress.

Leaning against the wall of the box, for her knees no longer seemed willing to support her, Agatha said that Mrs. Cartwright would be delighted, and left without paying for her salad.

All the way in the taxi she thought of her triumph over Honoria. This commission would finally spike the hag's guns. Her hand trembled as she lit a cigarette. Never for one moment did she doubt that the order was already hers. She had tremendous self-confidence.

At close quarters, the film star was a little disappointing to Agatha, who was, secretly, one of her fans. Her hair was a most peculiar shade of red that reminded Agatha of the red-lead her plumbers used when fitting bath-rooms and other things. It matched her long, varnished nails, which were shamingly dirty. She was still in bed and the heavy curtains were drawn against the daylight. The airless, centrally-heated room smelt strongly of stale brandy.

Agatha had to pinch herself and recall the stories she had read in the Hollywood magazines of the star's even more astral salary, of her collection of rubies and emeralds, and the crystal bath and lapis swimming-pool in the home in the Beverley Hills. Even then she was unable to recapture the illusion of the screen.

To make matters worse, the star was tiresomely businesslike. She wanted this and she wanted that, and she wanted it all in a hurry. She had a gentleman friend arrivin' next Toosday-week on the Narmandie, and she warnted the apartment done over with somin quite noo by the time he stepped arf the shirp at South-hampton. The carst didn't mateura gardam, but the goods did, yes, Sir.

(Agatha found the spate of strange words a little difficult to follow, and the

(*Concluded on page* vi)

At close quarters, the film star was a little disappointing to Agatha

Coronation Debutantes

Yevonde

Miss Minna Mary Royds

Above: Minna Mary Royds, of the ladybird earrings, is the daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Royds and Lady Royds; she and Penelope Sassoon are having a dance together on April 22nd, given by her mother and Mrs. Dulcie Sassoon, at the latter's Albert Gate house

Below: Charmian Brinton is Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Brinton's daughter and will be presented by her mother. She comes of a family with Court traditions—she's a great-grand-daughter of the late Sir George Maud, Equerry to Queen Victoria, and a niece of Col. Brinton, Silver Stick in Waiting to King George V.

In circle, above: Sybil Berry is the fourth of the late Lord Buckland and Lady Buckland's five daughters—her two eldest sisters are the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Thistlethwayte and the Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones. Lady Buckland lives at Woolton House, Newbury, and has a London flat in Whitehall Court

Fayer of Vienna

The Hon. Sybil Berry

Bassano

Miss Bridget Fetherstonhaugh

Mrs. Albany Fetherstonhaugh and Mrs. J. Watson Hughes are giving a dance on June 2nd at Claridge's for their respective daughters, Bridget Fetherstonhaugh (above) and Anne Watson Hughes (left) and for Sybil Gardner. Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Hughes live at Pontruffydd Hall, Trefnant, North Wales; Anne Watson Hughes, who is eighteen, has already published a book of poems. Brigadier-General and Mrs. Albany Fetherstonhaugh also live in Wales—at Llanrcysg, Crickhowcl, Breconshire

Kay Vaughan

Miss Charmian Brinton

Kay Vaughan

Miss Anne Watson Hughes

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Book by Noel Coward: By Alan Thomas

MR. NOEL COWARD calls his autobiography, *Present Indicative* (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*). He might well have called it "Future Tense," for "I am" has never meant so much to him as "I will be." Now that he is at the top of the tree—and no one lent him a ladder to get there: alone he did it—he achieves the attractive feat of looking at his fellow men from that spectacular height without ever looking down on them. The picture I get of him, after reading his story, is not a bit that of a disillusioned nerve-racked cynic. (Incidentally, the theory that he was "ineradicably scarred by the war" is without foundation: on the contrary the war seemed to pass over him with no more ill-effects than a shower of rain. He joined the Army, but through illness his career there was "brief and inglorious.") No, the picture I get of Noel Coward is that of a thoroughly likeable chap, unusually talented, completely untroubled by—and apparently uninterested in—anything that goes on outside the world of the theatre, impatient, restless, moody, but possessing a great deal of common sense and, above all, a profound belief in himself and his abilities. "My sense of importance to the world," he says, "is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my own importance to myself is tremendous." His life has been one of struggle. He has been lonely, penniless, and even spat upon—literally, so that he had to send his coat to the cleaners. But successes (he re-creates them so vividly that I feel I 've been to a dozen "first-nights" this week) have not spoilt him. The first piece he was ever in was a fairy-play called *The Goldfish*, and the only line he can recall of it is "Crumbs, how exciting!" The words were prophetic. They must, I think, have been lurking somewhere in the back of his mind when, on that first night of *Cavalcade*, he told the audience that "it is still pretty exciting to be English." *Present Indicative* at all events is as exciting and brilliant an essay in the first person singular as you could wish to read.

"THE PICNIC," by Martin Boyd (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is more of a picture than a story. The setting is one of England's "stately homes" dating back to the time of Edward the Confessor: all the rest is pure nineteen thirty-seven. The portraiture is good—the sophisticated aristocrat, Lady Elizabeth Woodforde, who can't be happy with—or without—her husband; Rosie, widow of a Bombay bank manager, anxious to marry again, or, failing that, to amuse herself; Mr. Hodsall, the vicar, a frail vessel whose happiness was haunted by a family skeleton; the refined Matty, mother of the two Australian boys, and Beatrice, her sister-in-law, who had all the money; Major Hinde, who talked about wall-paper and very little else; and the Rounsefells, who pretended to be Communists and to live for art and ideas. Of the younger set, the two Antipodeans, Wilfred and Christopher, stand in the centre of the scene—Wilfred, who wanted his life to be like a Wilde play, and Christopher, an explosive giant who, we are told, had great potentialities for good or evil. And, of course, there are the girls to match. But if the characters are well-drawn, the book lacks a sense of direction. The rather hasty way the ends are tidied up in the last few pages confirmed my impression that I had not so much been told a story as led through a gallery of finely-painted portraits.

Howard Coster, London

Archie Black

This young man is the present head of the publishing house of A. and C. Black, Ltd., which this year celebrates its 130th birthday. The portrait on the wall is of Archie Black's great grandfather, the Adam Black who acquired the copyright of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (1827) and of Sir Walter Scott's works (1851)

IN MY STORY (Hutchinson; 15*s.*), Mr. J. H. Thomas writes wistfully that "in the solitude of retirement after forty years of political activity, there is no calm . . . no cessation of the drum-beat or clarion call." The book is not a formal autobiography. It is a series of impressions, reflections, views, anecdotes, and thumbnail sketches. Some of the best pages are those in which he gives his reminiscences of the Royal Family. As might be expected, the "human touch" is much in evidence. On the political side, Mr. Thomas tells the story of "Black Friday," of the General Strike, of his quarrel with Sir Oswald Mosley, of the Ottawa Conference and how "night after night (often under the cloak of card-parties)" he tried to bridge the gulf that divides the Irish Free State and ourselves. The political importance of the book, however, is not great. Its real interest lies in the portrait it gives us of its author. Modern progressives are apt to do Mr. Thomas something less than justice. By the time of his retirement he had passed his zenith. But in his day he was one of the Big Men of the Trades Union and Labour movement. He was a first-class negotiator and was never afraid to take an unpopular line if he thought it was the best. His qualities were those of leadership rather than greatness: but whatever verdict history may pass on him, he should never be accused of lack of courage.

I CAN confidently recommend Mr. Alan Gould's *Mercy Lane* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The theme is not grandiose, nor the canvas large. A man with a past seeks refuge in a smallish town in Kent. He had been there once before as a boy and the chances of his being remembered were negligible. His luck, however, was out. Living in that town was a waster possessed of a long memory and a newspaper cutting. The waster died, but the cutting survived—with some pretty merciless results for the gentleman who lodged in Mercy Lane. There are one or two places where Mr. Gould has tended to forget his gift for natural dialogue (on pages 88 and 89, for example), but on the whole the story moves along very easily and smoothly. The author has no difficulty in imparting life to his characters and the business of "spreading the gossip" is excellently managed. I read the tale at a sitting and was held to the end.

MR. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S *Streamlines* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of essays, bits and pieces on

(Concluded on page iv)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

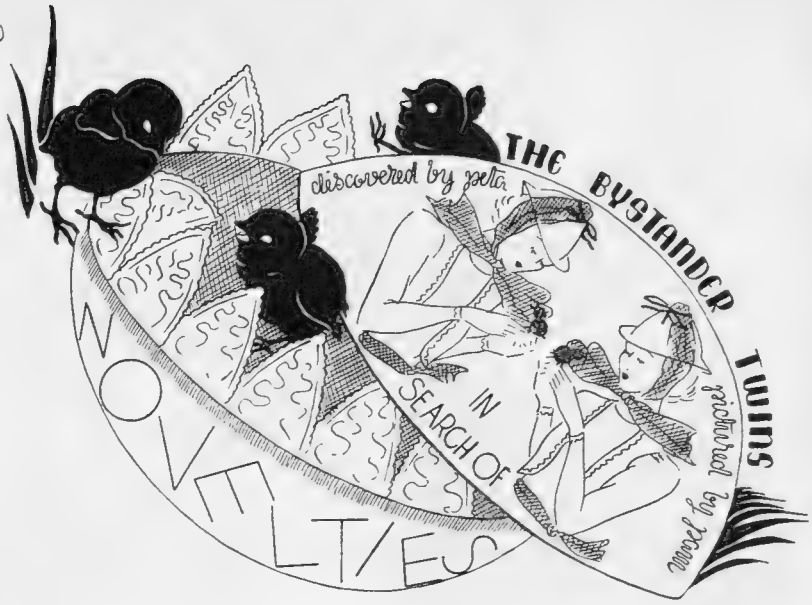
Black has always been a leader of fashion, but this year it is mingling with the crowd of gay colours which surge through every collection. Plain black is no longer allowed, but is often shown with a brilliant sash in several clashing colours, or a printed silk bolero. Bold designs, widely spaced and consisting perhaps of a single flower planted here and there against a dark background, are very new, though small, demure, wall-paper patterns are worn quite as much. A formal but effective print is used for the blue and white cloque suit above from the model gown department at Woolland's, Knightsbridge. The coat is semi-tailored with a flared basque and broad shoulders, while the skirt is cut with a slightly flaring back panel. A chalk white crêpe blouse with a becoming high neck and folded jabot completes the ensemble. It has long sleeves and is worn tucked into the skirt.

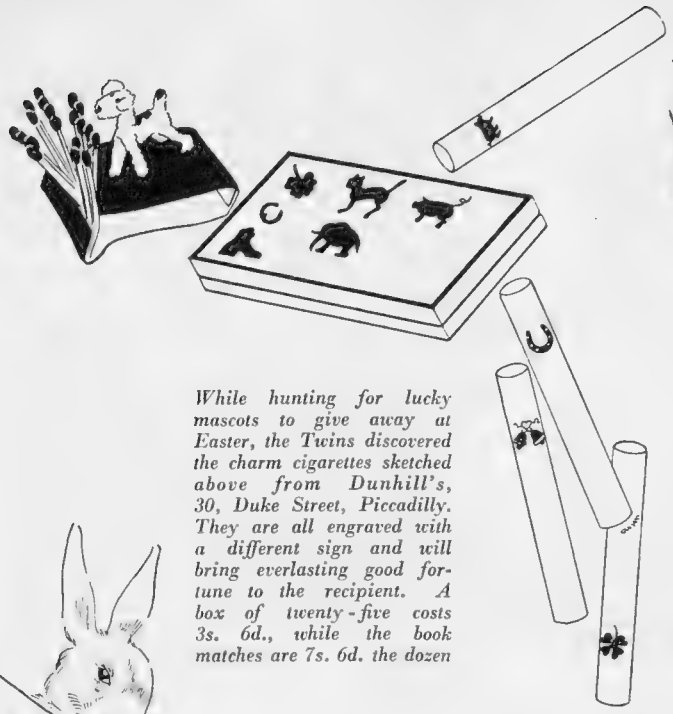
On Your Toes

It is essential to be able to stand at ease when buying shoes, and Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street, specialise in all kinds of footwear to suit every type of foot. The models on this page have been chosen with a view to Easter cruising and the warmer days ahead. Immediately below is a white buckskin American sandal with slashed vamp and medium Spanish heel. It is entirely hand-made and costs 65s. 9d. A pastel dyed "summerlin" sandal, toeless and backless, with embroidered cross-stitch medallions is pictured at the bottom of the page on the left, and costs 55s. It is also an American hand-made model and could be worn at Ascot as well as on less formal occasions. Calf and buckskin are effectively combined in the "Gibson" tie-shoe in the bottom right-hand corner. It is trimmed with diamond punching and has a medium Louis heel which makes it very practical for promenade wear

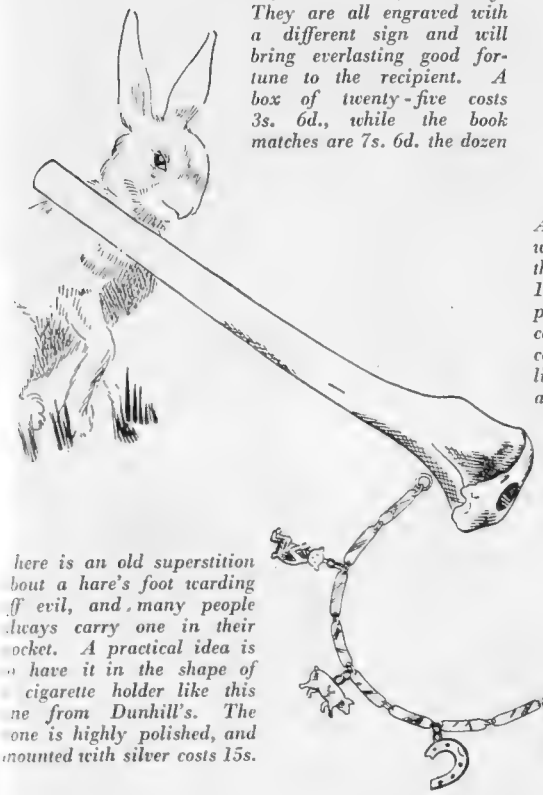
Peeping demurely from under summer frocks are two American models in white buckskin. The top one has been christened "Bolero" and is relieved with navy calf and lacing. It has an open shank and moderately high covered Spanish heel. The price is 65s. 9d., and it is also available in brown and white. A modern version of the old-fashioned "pump" shoe is pictured below, also in white buckskin with a "dumpy" Louis heel and cut-out fancy vamp. It is hand-made, very light, and ideal for people who prefer a low heel and covered toe

Photographs by Alexander

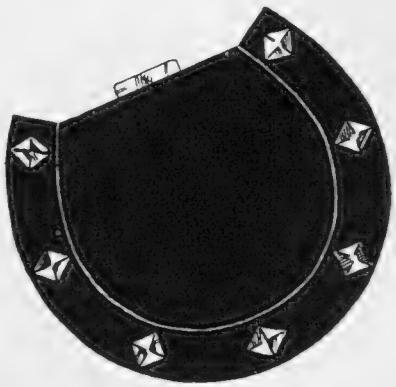




While hunting for lucky mascots to give away at Easter, the Twins discovered the charm cigarettes sketched above from Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly. They are all engraved with a different sign and will bring everlasting good fortune to the recipient. A box of twenty-five costs 3s. 6d., while the book matches are 7s. 6d. the dozen



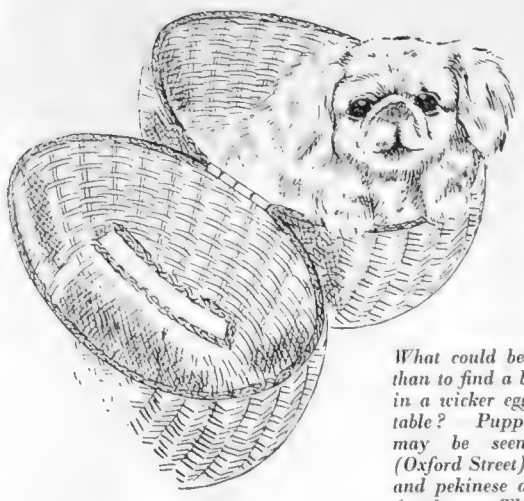
here is an old superstition bout a hare's foot warding ff evil, and many people lways carry one in their ocket. A practical idea is o have it in the shape of cigarette holder like this ne from Dunhill's. The one is highly polished, and mounted with silver costs 15s.



Another very lucky mascot would be the horseshoe bag on the right from Revelation's, 170, Piccadilly. It is made in pigskin to wear with tweeds, coloured suède or calf, and only costs a guinea. The inside is lined with silk, and there is ample room for everything

Bracelets hung with charms are both lucky and decorative, while all sorts of mascots may be seen at Dunhill's. "Thirteen" spells disaster for some people and success for others, but the "pixie" is universally loved

Flowers are always welcome, and a charming gesture is to send lilies of the valley, as a French tradition has it that when worn in the spring they bring good luck for the rest of the year. A spray could be worn in the hair at night, and as a buttonhole by day



What could be more enchanting than to find a ball of fluff sitting in a wicker egg on the breakfast table? Puppies of all breeds may be seen in Selfridge's (Oxford Street) pets' department, and pekinese are available from 6 guineas. The egg, by the way, can be made to order from 15s.

Every superstitious bride wears something blue, so why not send her Elizabeth Arden's "Blue Grass" perfume? It is fresh and crisp like a spring morning, and is available from 12s. 6d. at 25, Old Bond Street. A larger size with a round blue stopper is 25s.

Charting the Skyways

By Charles Ward

Miss C. C. Broad is acting as test pilot for the Hillson "Praga," the smallest British two-seater. Note the light-weight centre section, which is raised for entry and exit

EASILY the most important aid to the Transatlantic airman is the weather forecast, for he has 2000 miles of water to traverse, and even the most optimistic prophet does not pretend that he can land safely on a real Atlantic swell. It has been done, of course; American and German pilots have landed and been rescued unhurt; our own Frank Courtney survived some nights out in a German flying-boat, but these were adventurous journeys, whereas the services to be started next year are the forerunners of a new trade route. Plotting the weather map of the North Atlantic is practised every day at the Air Ministry, from reports by ships and shore stations at each side. As a check on the reliability of such maps, an official of the Meteorological Office is spending a year of his life travelling backwards and forwards—or should it be shortways and longways, as a ship doesn't follow exactly the same course east as west?—taking readings of the upper air. The direction and speed of the wind is measured by means of a coloured hydrogen balloon, the course of which is followed by glasses and calculations made with a special theodolite and slide-rule. Very healthy work if you like the sea.

Landplane versus Seaplane

THE seaplane, or flying-boat, has barely come into its own before the experts predict that North Atlantic traffic will be carried by landplane. Determining factors are the presence of ice at the Newfoundland end for some months in the year and the very much greater length of the southern route via the Azores and Bermuda, which flying-boats would have to follow during this period. Nothing retards the success of transport more than unpunctuality or seasonal changes in the time-table. When there is no other way to go than by sea, rail or road, the operator can do as he likes, and the public has to wait or be delayed, but in the air, competition is being established with the older methods of travel to which people have become accustomed, and therefore reliability is needed before people in a hurry will fly. The Air Ministry has ordered from de Havillands two of the "Albatross" class, a four-engined low-wing monoplane reminiscent of the "Comet" racers that made records to Australia three years ago. Sixteen hundred horse-power, retractile undercarriage, variable pitch "props" will give the "Albatross" a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour, which is ten hours for the journey between Ireland and Newfoundland in still air, or say fifteen hours west and eight hours east. Trial trips by flying-boat will, of course, be carried out, and so will the experiments with the Mayo, a type that lends itself very readily to operation as a landplane.

The Kronfeld "Scooter" at High Post Aerodrome. This ingenious ground trainer is used to accustom pupils to handling the controls during taxi-ing practice. A set of wings can be fitted for straights and circuits

'Plane Topics

IN a note about the B.I.F., I mentioned that the Monospar de Luxe, the only complete British aircraft on show, was a four-seater, whereas it carries four passengers in addition to a pilot. The fifth seat is a solo place at the back of the cabin, and the two front seats are fitted for dual control. In addition to the de Luxe model, priced at £1985 complete in every detail, there is a freighter at £1750, a transport for taxi work or on a feeder line at £2250, and the "Ambulance," with stretcher, oxygen tent, ice-box, seats for doctor and nurse, at £2550. The "Luton Minor," flown recently at Heston, is another light-weight, which is intended for sale at less than £200. It started life with tandem wings, but is now a parasol monoplane with a 34-h.p. Anzani engine.

Mr. C. H. Latimer Needham, well known as a gliding pilot, is its designer. The first of the Whitney Straight two-seaters to be sold by Airwork went to Mr. R. King-Clark, of the 2nd Manchester Regiment, who flew it to Egypt when rejoining his battalion. It is the most likeable aircraft, and its arrival at some of the clubs, where it is to be used for training, is awaited with much interest. Herr Kronfeld has been touring the country in his de Luxe "Drone," the aristocratic relative of the Ground Trainer featured on this page. A return to the simple life in flying has much to commend itself besides cheapness. First taxi-ing practice with control of ailerons, rudder, elevator and throttle, slowly and at speeds up to 40 m.p.h.; then straights and landings; finally a circuit, and the pupil has taught himself to fly with that added touch of confidence which a solo effort produces.

International Trio

Left: Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, the Polish ace, Colette Boegner, ranked second in France, and Simone Iribarne, the Basque, were resting between sets. Mlle. Jedrzejowska had to retire in the singles finals at Mentone after a bad fall. Mlle. Iribarne has been coached by Jean Borotra and is looked on as a dark horse for Wimbledon this year

Croquet During a Mentone Hold-Up

When rain stopped the Mentone tournament, the players took to croquet. These four champions are Chilean Anita Lizana, Rumanian A. Hamburger, Czech Mme. Deutsch, Austrian Count Adam Bawarowski. Mlle. Lizana won the Mentone women's singles, her first Riviera title, when Mlle. Jedrzejowska retired hurt in the finals

Riviera Tennis

Tournaments at Mentone and Monte Carlo

Below: M. Pierre Gillou, president of the French L.T.A., Pat Hughes and Charlie Hare (G.B.), runners-up, Mrs. Pierce Butler, the American donor of the Cup, Baron Gottfried von Cramm and Henner Henkel (Germany), the winners. This is the first time Germany has won the Butler International

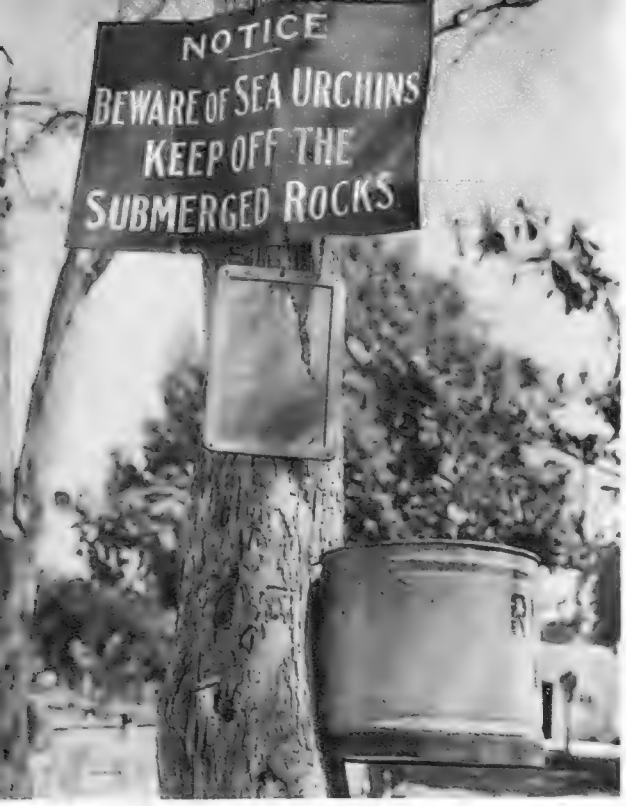
Monte Carlo Centre Court

Left: A view of the Monte Carlo centre court, with the bathing pool and beach in the background. The match in progress was between Hughes and Hare (G.B.) and von Cramm and Henkel

Butler Cup International Finalists

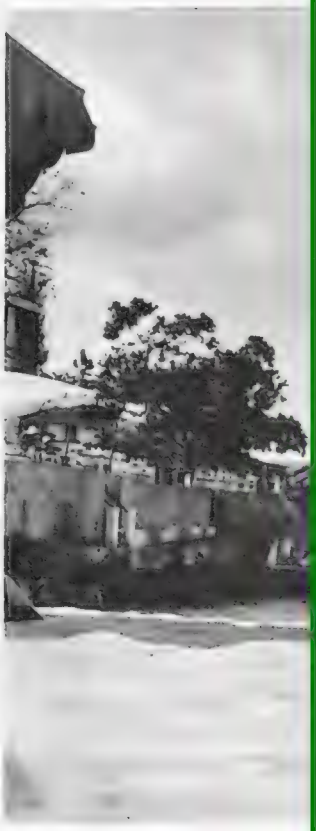
Left-Handed Players

Jack Leavold became a left-hander after his right forefinger was shot away in the War. Lord Charles Hope had tennis elbow badly, so taught himself to play left-handed. After only six months of it, he has won two tournaments left-handed on the Riviera this season



Advice to Bathers

The notice at Casa Blanca beach, Montego, doesn't worry bathers very much since this is the safest and warmest beach in the western world. "To-day's temperature of the sea" reads 79 degrees at nine a.m. and 80 degrees at noon



The view of this exquisit
the Casa Blanca beach.
has a glass bottom for

Jamaican Holidays

Beachcombing in the West Indies

"Slide mongoose" sings Broady
shiny morning face black as the
"Come and see the marine garde
between verses of his interminа
Under the boat's glass bottom ar
and strange, ca
yellow as jealo
bathe and beau
is Montego Bay
a perfect little
Cannes in Augu

There 's marv
Kingston—six h
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where tropical
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You buy st
oranges. You
King's House.
in the hills.
mongooses on t

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart had got to Jamaica from London via California and Bermuda. In California they spent two months with Lord and Lady Tennyson. It was their London house which Mrs. Simpson took last autumn and from which she hurried off to Cannes